

OCALA EVENING STAR

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The Plant City ball team went over and took away a game from Clearwater Tuesday. Really, we are beginning to think the Clearwater braves don't play real well unless the Ocala boys are in their town.

It is understood that the Atlantic Coast Line is considering fencing all its tracks in Florida. At the present price of beef, the cost of the occasional cow killed by Coast Line engines will soon pay for the wire.

Clearwater now has a military company, numbering 68 men. Judging by what the Sun says it starts off with the hearty support of the people. Ocala has a fine military company, which she allows to exist—she doesn't support it.

All wise men make mistakes, but only a fool makes the same mistake twice. If the American navy has to take Vera Cruz the second time, it's the Star's opinion Mr. Wilson will let it stay taken.

There is talk about sending General Scott of the United States army to Mexico to pacify the Mexican leaders with his peaceful palaver, as he did the Indians in Utah a few months ago. If we send General Scott to Mexico, we should send him as we sent Winfield Scott in 1847—send him with an army.

Sumter county will vote on \$250,000 good roads bond issue. And will carry it, of course. That will be a larger issue for Sumter than \$175,000 would be for Pinellas—but so far as known Pinellas is the only county in all Florida that is exhibiting any considerable cold feet trouble about roads.—St. Petersburg Times.

We think if you will look closely enough you will find some that are cold up to the knees.

Frank Huffaker, of the Tampa Times, doesn't know what a coiffure is. Such ignorance. A coiffure is something the women have taken off their bathing suits and put on their hats.—St. Petersburg Independent.

It has been some years since we saw any ladies in bathing suits. If they have taken anything off of them, we are going to try to spend a week at a seaside resort before we get much older.

In these days of doubt and scrimping, it is refreshing to learn that the Seaboard Air Line has enough confidence in the future and the resources of the country to bond largely for improvements. The Seaboard will add largely to its mileage, build into Charleston and Georgetown, S. C., double track the more important part of its system and make improvements on all. The Seaboard has always been an enterprising system and Florida has had much proof of its progressiveness. This state as well as the others which this great railway intersects with its lines will feel the benefit of this latest enterprise.

The story comes from the border that bands of Mexicans are coming over the Rio Grande with the intention of conquering and annexing to Mexico that part of Texas that lies between the Rio and the Neuces, which, as our history sharps will remember, was the territory claimed by Mexico prior to the breaking out of the unpleasantness in 1846. A considerable portion of the people in that part of the state are Mexicans either by birth or descent, and the ignorant greasers may really suppose they can conquer and hold the eight or nine counties composing it, and which have a much greater area than some eastern states. All the general government has to do in regard to this matter is to give the state of Texas a free hand. In fact, if the government had only given our border states permission to defend themselves two years ago, the Mexican border would now be the most quiet portion of the world. A Mexican who wouldn't behave himself wouldn't dare to come in a thousand yards of the line from the gulf to the Pacific. Instead of that, the government has kept the hands of the people tied. It hasn't defended them and wouldn't let them defend themselves.

President Wilson was not very successful in picking his cabinet members. He had scarcely more than taken his seat when his attorney general became involved in a scandal in which an agent of the department of justice tried to use his official position to extort a bribe from a white slavery case. Then Mr. Bryan brought ridicule on the administration by his Chautauqua stunts, and later developed into the most colossal mollycoddle who ever afflicted an American cabinet. Josephus Daniels has done all he could to make the American navy jokes, and now comes Secretary Red-

INTENTIONS OF BOARD OF STATE INSTITUTIONS

Says the Gainesville Sun of the recent visit of Controller Knott to its city:

The appearance in this city Wednesday of State Controller Will V. Knott and State Bank Examiner B. C. Whitfield may have made some people feel a little shaky, but there is no need for this. Mr. Knott was returning from a visit to the camps at Ocala and was met here by the bank examiner and some other parties from a distant town, for a conference on matters which needed adjusting between them. Mr. Knott continued his journey to the state capital this morning, leaving on the four o'clock northbound train over the A. C. L., and Mr. Whitfield went south.

While here Mr. Knott outlined at some length the intentions of the board of state institutions with reference to the disposition of the state convicts. He says that ultimately there will be no work for them to do, other than that on the farms at the camps. He recites two reasons for this. First, sentiment in the state is rapidly crystallizing against the custom of leasing them out for any purpose. Secondly, the building of public roads will finally be completed and there will be no need for them along that line, for the reason that the county convicts will be able to keep the roads up after they are constructed.

It is the purpose of the state board therefore to make these camps self-sustaining just as quickly as possible. Mr. Knott is of the opinion this can and will be done. On the farms they grow all the staple crops except cotton, and notwithstanding they started in this year with practically everything new, he says they have produced some very fine crops. Mr. Knott grows enthusiastic when discoursing on this subject and impresses one as being deeply in earnest.

SUGGESTION IS SCURRILOUS

A newspaper puts it, libel is the only instance in which a person charged with crime is considered "guilty" until he proves himself innocent. While governor, I recommended a more liberal libel law. The Perry Herald was not "bribed" by such, as appears. The newspapers can sell their space for watermelons, onions, etc., but not for railroad mileage. The people want the information as to schedules. The papers have the space and want the mileage tickets. The opponents of such claim that all the editors making such an exchange would be tadpoles in the muddy sloughs of the railroads. In other words, that all the editors would be corrupted, and become "agin" the people. I thought that even such a suggestion was scurrilous.

Albert W. Gilchrist.

Councilman C. C. Rawls has returned from a visit to his old camping ground around Ocala and Montbrook and upon his arrival there he struck a big picnic and rally, where a number of speakers were discussing the issue of dividing Marion county and making two of it, and Mr. Rawls was immediately asked to be moderator of this assembly, where he made a number of very witty and convincing speeches, which were much appreciated and applauded.—Lake City Index.

They are saying good things about Sheriff Galloway of Marion county because, in addition to holding prisoners in jail, he has succeeded in reforming and curing some dope fiends and putting them on their feet again. The sheriff who hangs a man is not always doing the greatest possible public service. Saving ruined men is a mighty good occupation on the side for a sheriff or anyone else.—Miami Metropolis.

ELECTRA

Electra, Aug. 11.—Mrs. G. A. Sellers and Mr. W. A. Meadows went to the Oxford barbecue and returned last Saturday. They report having a splendid time.

Little Cecil Sellers has gone to Levon to stay with his aunt, Mrs. Freer in order to attend school this term. Mrs. J. P. Halford and Mr. H. M. Sellers were callers in the Brick City, recently, while there they visited the hospital and found Mr. J. P. Halford able to sit up. His many friends are glad to hear that he has so improved.

Mr. G. W. Brant Jr., and Mr. A. L. Barber have gone to Umatilla on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobe Caldwell spent last week at Salt Springs.

There has been a movie show in our town. Everybody went and all were entertained splendidly while the show stayed here.

Mr. R. O. Halford and Miss Mae Halford were callers in Moss Bluff on last Sunday evening.

Mr. Clyde Collins and Mr. Irey Lewis were callers in Electra last Sunday afternoon.

Wonder what has become of Lazy Bill, we don't see him any more. There is to be a picnic held at Electra school house on Saturday August 21. Everybody is invited to come and bring well filled baskets.

On Saturday and Monday, 17 pounds of sugar for \$1, with one dol. cash. Smith Grocery Co. Phone 434. If lar's worth of other groceries, for

Our sheet music stock is up-to-date. Daily demonstrations. 8-2-tf Lattner's Piano Store.

The Diamond From the Sky

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

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(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER X.

Lost—The Diamond From the Sky!

AND what of the diamond from the sky? Torn from the fair throat of Vivian Marston, it lies in a mail box, with no light to gleam upon it and be reflected back intensified. With letters and packages and newspapers folded tight lies the diamond from the sky without a stamp to make it mail of any class.

Then comes the busy mail collector, with his mail collecting car. There is some excitement at the Randolph mansion close by. Police whistles are blowing and a thundering fight is going on on the sidewalk.

But Bob Adams is one of Uncle Sam's mail men. Way for the U. S. mail, which has no time to stop for police, police whistles or shindies on the street. But it attracts his attention, as do some hurrying passersby, and he opens the mail box and mechanically drags its contents into the open maw of the drawstring regulation canvas mail bag. Into the sack while Bob Adams, mail man, looks with averted head toward the "elegant scrap" goes the mail from box 413, and with it goes the diamond from the sky.

Bob Adams gets back from his collection route to the postoffice an hour later. His work is through, and he stops in to see his friend, the sergeant at police headquarters, to learn what the row was all about that caused such a commotion and evidently put a crimp in the swell ball given by that grande dame of Richmond, Mrs. Burton Randolph.

Meanwhile on the sorting tables at the postoffice the local collections are being dumped from the mail bags. The clerk looses the drawstrings and holds the bags up from their bottom corners and shakes out the mail with deft and practiced rapidity. On the floor the emptied mail bags pile. They see hard service, and some are rent and frayed.

The inspector comes on his rounds and goes over the empties, marking briskly with a large piece of chalk "Repair" on those that need mending and renovation.

Out to the loading platform go for the time being the condemned mail bags, and there all night they lay in the arc light, with only the eye of the night watchman upon them occasionally.

Dawn breaks at a small way station forty miles from Richmond. Here the freight train halts for orders, and here Arthur, so cramped and sore that every fiber of his being aches, crawls from his perilous perch and creeps from under the car into the dusky daylight. Choked with dust, marked and matted with grease and dirt, disheveled and pitiful in what was his masculine finery of the night before, Arthur limps to a small pool of water between the tracks and is not too dainty to throw himself down beside it and suck up its refreshing coolness to his cracked lips and parched and feverish throat.

The trainmen are busy with their own concerns at water tank and telegraph station, far up the track and on the other side of the train. Across from him is a freight, going out on a branch line. The open door of a freight car seems to call him to its sheltering haven of escape. Arthur darts across the track, realizing what a ridiculous figure he must seem in his stained and disheveled dress suit, a marked and battered silk hat still clamped tightly on his head.

The outgoing freight is gaining momentum as Arthur dings himself half



Fighting Wildly With the Outcasts.

into the open doorway, but he misses his hold and would have fallen under the wheels but that two strong and dirty hands seize him by the shoulder and another pair as dirty and as strong grasp him also, and he is hauled into the car like a grain sack to find himself safe on his side and looking up to the countenances of three grinning, grimy knights of the road.

Melver & MacKay

UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS

PHONES 47, 104, 305

OCALA, FLORIDA

"You had a close shave of it, bo," wheezes the whisky voice of the first tramp to seize him. "But I gotcher, Steve."

"It's a plant, Strap," cautions a little rat faced hobo who has skulked in the back of the car and has given no hand in hauling Arthur from the jaws of death.

"Whatever mean a plant?" asks the one addressed as Strap.

"Can't you see? It's a railroad bull," retorts the rat faced tramp. "Would any gay cat be wearin' the soup and nsa? and he points to Arthur's now dirty and disheveled evening attire. "Maybe de ghk got it handed to him," suggests the other tramp who had assisted Arthur into the "side door Pullman."

"Aw, can't ye see dem glad rags is his'n? Why, dey are dolt, but dey fits him!"

"You are right, Scotty," said the leader of the trio, and without ado he struck Arthur a terrific blow behind the ear that stunned him for the moment, and the next instant Arthur felt himself fighting wildly with the three strong and active outcasts.

Meanwhile, what of the diamond from the sky? Where was it?

Bob Adams had swept it into the mail bag without seeing it, the mail sorter at the postoffice had given no



Only a Hunchback Organ Grinder With His Monkey.

cry to see it fall upon the sorting table and blaze back its sinister gleams to the incandescent light above. Where was the diamond from the sky?

The watchman relieved at dawn on the loading platform outside might have known as he stepped across the mail bags marked "Repair." But the side of his right shoe just grazed it, as he loaded the bags to be repaired, for like many a poor man he held a fortune in his hands for once at least in his poverty stricken life and never knew it.

Held by its clasp in the ravellings of the inner seam at the bottom of the bag, the heirloom of the Stanleys rested in the darkness of the soiled interior of the service worn old mail bag. The truckman held it in his arms and tossed it on top of his load. But his fingers just missed the feel of it. And so he threw away his fortune, perhaps an evil one, and drove on with his mind upon other matters than fortunes or missing gems of price.

Down the city street from his humble lodging place in the poorest part of the town came Quabba, musician and a traveler. And he traveled not alone. With him was his orchestra and his collector of external revenue. True, his orchestra was but a barrel organ and his collector of external revenue a monkey, but the organ was a fairly good one, sweet of tone, and the monkey was a simian of sorts and his name was Clarence.

So it was that Quabba was gay of heart and sung to himself as he trudged along. Only a poor hunchback organ grinder with his monkey was Quabba. But his heart was light, his conscience untroubled and his appetite, alas, only too good. The whole wide world was his, and no man was his master, and so Quabba the hunchback sang and winked at the monkey, Clarence, as if to say: "We haven't a penny, Clarence, but what an appetite we'll have for breakfast—as soon as we pick up the price of one!"

"Hi there, get out of the way!" shouted a rough voice, and Quabba, roused from his reflections, stepped aside just in time to avoid being struck by a passing truck. A jolt of the vehicle threw an empty mail bag marked with chalk "Repair," from a pile of those at the back of the truck.

The hunchback picked up the mail bag and called after the driver. But that worthy failed to hear the cry and Quabba waved the old mail bag after him. Then he felt something the size of an English walnut in his hand and under the dirty canvas of the bag. His sensitive fingers felt along the side seam of the bag and he could feel, even through the thickness of the canvas, that the object in the bag was a chain and lock.

The hunchback wheeled into a near by alley, between two warehouses. No one had seen the mail bag fall from the truck, none noticed him turn up the deserted alley. It was only the work of an instant to loosen the drawstring and turn the mail bag inside out. There, on the inside outside, strung the diamond from the sky, its upper clasp engaged in the seam of the bottom of the bag.

The itinerant musician thrust the diamond and its chain into his bosom and popped the mail bag in a garbage can hard by, then, his heart beating high, Quabba walked to the monkey and ceased to whistle to whisper: "We are rich men now, Clarence."

And soon out from the alley came a hunchback organ grinder with his monkey, and the itinerant hunchback was the possessor of the diamond from the sky.

(Continued on Third Page)

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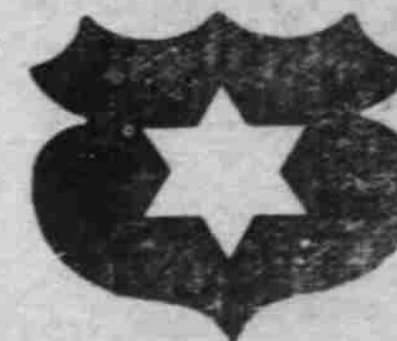
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